# My Gloryhole Introduction

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*On an out of town trip my husband surprises me with a visit to an adult bookstore.*

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My husband and I were out of town. We were staying at a very nice downtown hotel which his company was paying for. We were attending the annual company meeting and the wives were invited. It was our first night there and no activities were planned so we could do whatever. We had been married for almost 14 yrs. For the last 3 we had been leading a double life. At his suggestion we had started going to swinger parties and having sex with other people. At first I was not sure about that but soon found out I loved it. It gave me the freedom I was lacking in my life. I had been with many men over the last 3 yrs and it seemed my husband liked to watch me fuck them instead of doing much participating himself. I think he didn't really like it deep down but couldn't stop himself from watching me perform. Maybe it was a form of self abuse. He especially didn't like to see me with black guys. I had come to love that experience and it always made him nervous. He was paranoid about me getting pregnant by one.

We were getting ready to go out to dinner. He had made some reservations at a fancy restaurant. I decided to dress extra sexy. I had on a very short black mini skirt that was made of some stretchy material. The top was a silk sleeveless number that had a cowl front with a deep V cut. It was a metallic bronze color. My legs were tan so I didn't wear stockings or panties. I also was braless and my big tits swung freely under the silk. As I was slipping my black stiletto heel on I saw my husband was on the phone. I told him I would meet him downstairs in the bar.

I checked my makeup in the mirror in the elevator. I was 33 and thought I looked smoking hot. I love the confidence that looking and dressing hot can give a woman. I walked out of the elevator and towards the bar. It was a little crowded and as I walked in even though I didn't know anyone, a lot of eyes followed me. Some of the men were with their wives but many were not. As I sat on a stool at the bar I had to be careful not to show the goods. The skirt I was wearing was very short and tended to ride up. The bartender came over and I ordered a drink. When he brought it I was about to give him our room number to charge it to but he said it was already taken care of. I asked by who and he pointed to a group of guys on the other side of the bar. A brave one came over and made small talk with me and soon the others joined him.

I lost track of time and of the number of drinks they had bought me. I felt someone touch my arm and when I turned I saw my husband. I thanked the guys I had been talking and drinking with. When I stood up I realized I was more then a little tipsy. I took a deep breath to steady myself and we went out to the cab stand. My husband gave the driver an address. We didn't say much on the ride. We were downtown and the cab pulled over to let us out. I stood on the sidewalk and looked around. I didn't see a restaurant. What I saw was an adult bookstore. The cab pulled away and I asked my husband what the hell were we doing here? He said for me to calm down we were just going to try something out and maybe have a little fun. I actually had never been inside one of these places but he took my hand and led me in.

It was a little dim but not dark. There were rows of videos and magazines. I noticed a few people in there. They were all men. Nobody looked at anyone else. My husband still had me by the hand and was quickly leading me to the back of the place. We went down this little hallway that had a bunch of doors. He opened one and we went in. It was lit by a flickering bulb and was just big enough for the two of us. There was a little stool and on one wall a video screen. My husband put some money in a slot like a vending machine and the screen came on. It was an old porn flick from the 80's. A woman was giving a well endowed man a blow job. I was still tipsy so I laughed out loud at the sight. I asked him if this is what he brought me here to see? He told me to shush and just wait. I shook my head and waited. I heard a sound and felt a movement down and to my right. I looked down and saw that there was a hole in the wall. I had missed that when we first got in the booth. Coming through the wall was an erect penis. A real penis whose owner had to be in another booth next to ours.

I was dumbfounded for a moment and just stared at it. It was Caucasian and of average size. It was cut and had a slight upward curve to it. I started giggling and said now what do you want? My husband made a motion imitating a blow job. I said are you serious? He put his hand on my shoulder to push me down to the level of the cock. I let him and soon was kneeling in front of it. I leaned forward to get a better look at it. It was clean and smelled OK. I reached out and took it in my hand. It was warm and alive and throbbed. I decided to go ahead out of curiosity and the liquor had reduced my inhibitions. I licked the tip tasting him. I sucked the head into my mouth and I could hear the guy groan. I quickly got his shaft wet and was using my hand and mouth to stroke him. A couple of minutes into it I felt him swell a little and I knew he was going to cum. I went ahead and left the head in my mouth as he shot his cum. It tasted good and I swallowed it all. After I released his cock he pulled it back through the hole. I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand and stood up. I looked at my husband and asked him if he enjoyed that. He was smiling and pointed down at the hole. I turned and looked and another cock was poking through the hole.

This one was thicker the the first one and was darker, maybe Hispanic or Italian. I knelt down again and grabbed it. He wasn't all the way hard yet but after sucking on it for a minute he sure was. I had

to open my mouth wider because of his thickness but was still able to take him deep. I felt him trying to push as much of his cock through the hole as possible. He lasted a little longer then the first guy but soon was cumming inside my mouth. Not as tasty but I swallowed anyway. So I had given two complete strangers blow jobs in less then 10 min. I didn't stand up this time because I knew another cock was on it's way. I imagined the word had gotten out and there was probably a line outside the booth.

I was rewarded with a new cock. This one was a good size, maybe 8 inches and uncut. I had fun playing with the foreskin sliding it back and forth over the swollen head. It tasted kind of different but nice. I worked my magic on him squeezing and stroking him and taking him deep in my throat. I think my husband was getting off on watching me because I heard him moan a little. I was not sure if he had his cock out jacking it. I was getting worked up too. My skirt had ridden up exposing my bare pussy and I reached down to play with my wet lips and swollen clit. The uncut guy started to cum in my mouth and there was a lot of it. Almost too much for me to keep up with but I did. I had my own little mini orgasm just as he finished.

I did three more cocks in a row. None of them was extra ordinary. One guys cum didn't taste good so I spit it out. My jaw was getting tired so I stood up and then sat on the stool to take a break. I looked at my husband and he was leaning back with his eyes closed. He was wearing black slacks and it looked like the front of them had a small wet spot. I guess he had been enjoying himself. I shook my head at his kink. I saw a movement and slowly another cock was being fed through the hole. This one was different from all the rest. It was black and very dark. It was also very big because it just kept coming through the hole. It was so thick I wondered if the hole was wide enough. It looked like my forearm. It had to be 11 inches at least. He was hard but it was so heavy it couldn't not point up. I heard myself say fuck yeah. My husband said that maybe we should go. I told him to leave if he wanted to I was staying with this monster cock.

I got back on my knees and reached for the black cock. I had to use both hands. I lifted it to my mouth. It was so heavy. The head was almost to big for me to suck. I licked it and did my best. I knew I wasn't doing it justice. I made a decision and after getting it as wet as I could I stood up. Without letting go of the cock I turned around. My skirt was still up off my naked ass. Still holding him I slowly backed up. I heard my husband say to not do that but there was no way I wasn't. I made some adjustment in my position and soon had the big head against my wet pussy lips. I smiled and wondered what the owner of this magnificent cock was thinking right about now. I rubbed the head back and forth across my lips coating it with my juice. Holding it firmly I pushed back against it. I bit my lower lip as his glans started to push inside me. I closed my eyes and rocked my hips a little and it was in. I said a couple of cuss words and breathing hard pushed back more to take the shaft inside. As it got wetter I was able to stroke on it easier. He hit bottom and still wasn't all the way in. I felt him start to move his cock in and out of me. My ass was pressed against the wall and I let him do the

work.

I was bent forward slightly and I put my hands on my husbands shoulders to steady myself. The black cock was stroking deep inside me hitting my cervix. The big head would press against it. I felt like I was being stretched in places I never had been. I was breathing hard from the assault and I looked at my husband. He had a frown and whispered to me not to let the guy cum inside me. I just smiled and nodded but I had no intention of doing that. I wasn't on the pill and because of the drinks and all this sex I couldn't remember what day of my cycle it was. My husband was fixed and I didn't intend on having sex until he took me to this place. At this point I didn't care I just wanted to feel this monster shooting in me.

He had been stroking in me for about 15 min and my knees were shaking. My pussy had stretched and was fitting his cock like a glove. My cervix had flattened out and he was going very deep in me. I felt a couple of sharp cramps but I wasn't stopping. I wished I could feel his big black hands on my white ass as he pounded deep inside me. I was going to cum soon and I hoped he was too. I felt it building and I gripped my husbands shoulders harder. I saw him wince and shake his head no. My pussy and my lower gut started fluttering and I let it flow. My arms and legs started to shake as my pussy spasmed on the huge invader. I was cumming hard on his cock. I never wanted this to end but just I thought that I felt him push as deep as he could. His cock head swelled up even bigger and I felt the powerful spurts deep inside. He was cumming. I felt the warmth from his seed deeper then I usually do. It was way up there radiating through me. He pumped and pumped more and more. I was exhausted and limp but was still impaled on the cock.

I felt him try to withdraw but he was having trouble. I felt something inside me was holding onto him. It hurt some but he slowly pulled and I felt a pop. It seemed like forever for him to pull his cock all the way out of me and back through the hole in the wall. When I was free I turned and collapsed on the stool. My husband asked me if I let him cum in me. I looked down and saw my red swollen pussy. It was gaping open having been stretched. It was wet but I wasn't leaking, ay least not yet. I knew he had cum buckets in me but it was so far and deep inside me that it was taking it's time. I stood up and straightened my clothes. I said lets go to my husband. I opened the door and walked out. He followed me and I noticed a few guys hanging around at the entrance to the hallway. They were waiting their turn with me. Sorry to disappoint.

We were able to flag down a cab and finally made it to a restaurant. I was famished and ordered steak and lobster with an expensive wine. I didn't say much during dinner but enjoyed my food and had a big smile. The waiter fell all over himself to help us. My short skirt and boobs on display didn't hurt. After coffee when we got up to leave I looked down at the chair I had been sitting in. It was fabric and there in the middle of it was a very large glob of fresh semen. My skirt must have ridden up again and I didn't know I had started leaking the black guys sperm. I just smiled to myself and left it there.

The rest of the weekend was uneventful and soon we were home. Things were pretty normal and we didn't talk about the prior events at all. About 2 weeks went by and I found myself looking at the calendar. I had not started my period and I was counting back the days to my last one. I was late and not just a little. I was a full week late and I was like clockwork when it came to that. I had to be sure so I went to the store and bought some tests. I took 3 of them and they were all the same. I was pregnant. We hadn't been to any swinger parties and my husband was fixed so that meant one thing. I was pregnant with the black strangers baby. There was no doubt in my mind.

I spent the rest of the day alone thinking about my situation and the choices I had. That evening when my husband came home after dinner I told him we needed to talk. I just came out and said it. I was pregnant. He asked me who the father was and I told him he should know because he was there when I got knocked up in that booth he took me to. He asked me if I was going to keep it and I said of course I was. I would not consider any other choice. He wondered out loud that since I was going to have a black baby how on earth was he going to explain that to family and friends. That was all he was worried about. That really pissed me off and I told him that was his problem.

Three months went by. I was starting to show and I bought some maternity clothes. I was out shopping when I felt the cramps hit. I made it home but knew something was wrong. I called my doctor and met him at the hospital. Things didn't look good and later that night I lost the baby. I spent the next day in the hospital and when my husband came to visit me I swear the bastard was smiling. For the next 2 month I was a royal bitch to be around. I knew it was over. When he told me we needed to stop going to swinger parties I told him to fuck off that I was never stopping that. A week later he had me served with divorce papers. When it was final I never saw him again. I look at the experience now as a blessing because it set me down my current path. One that I wouldn't have any other way.